

A TRUE
NARRATIVE

Of the Great and
BLOODY FIGHT

Between the
French and Dutch,

On *August* the 10th *New-Style*.

Being a Full and True Relation of all the Passages
between the two

A R M I E S.

With a Full Account, as near as can be given, of
the Loss on both Sides, both of Men and Artillery,
and likewise how many Prisoners of Account
are taken on each Side.

L O N D O N,

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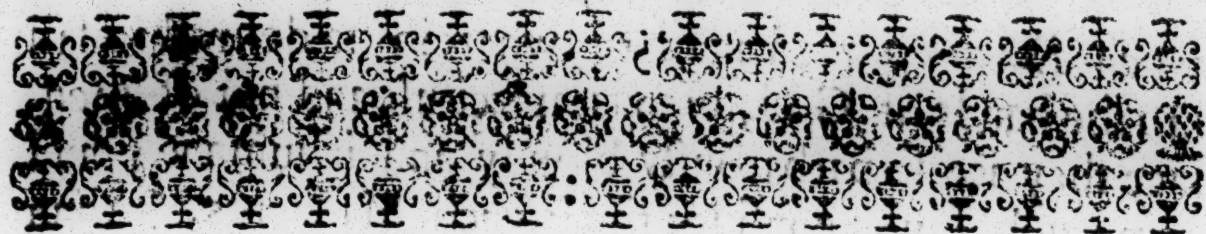
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A true Narrative of the Great Fight between the French and the Dutch, on August the 10th. New-Style; being a full and true Relation of all the passages between the two Armies, &c.

S I R,

WHat obdurate heart would not melt into Tears at the Reading of those bloody Battels, wherein many thousands have been Slain at once, and Myriades of Souls (as so many Sheep) sacrificed to *Plut,* *Unius ob noxam furiasque*, without any just cause, only to satisfy some mens private Spleen, Ambition, Lust, or Avarice, who never rest till they have turned the whole World topsy turvy, into a Chaos of Confusion and disorder, by engaging Father against the Son, Brother against Brother, Province against Province, and Kingdom against Kingdom, causing Towns to be burnt, flourishing Cities to be sacked and ruinated, goodly Countries depopulated and left desolate, old Inhabitants expelled, Trade and Traffick to decay, and Maids to be deflowered, and whatsoever Torment, Mischief, or Misery else, Hell or the Devil can invent, they will draw upon their Country.

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And

A. S. Aug 18 July 1942

And for this reason the Sword is reckoned one of the heaviest of God's Judgments, by the Prophet *Jeremiah*, which *David* prayed against: wherein he desired to fall into the hands of God, who is merciful, and not of men, since they are so barbarously bloody and inhumane; and no marvel, if you consider the French Massacres, Scilian Even-song, the Duke of *Alva's* Tyrannies, our Gunpowder machinations, and that fourth fury, as one calls it, the Spanish Inquisition, which hath quite obscured the ten Persecutions, and the Siege of *Ostend*, (the Devils Academy), where 120000 lost their lives, lying almost level with the top of the Walls; to which I may add the late Battel between the Confederate Princes and the Prince of *Conde*, of which I was an eye-witness.

It began on Saturday the 11th according to our *Gregorian* Stile, about 11th in the Morning when the *French* *Julian* like, fell furiously upon the Rear Guard which were the Regiments of *Holstein Morbec* and *Vaudemon*, who stood the fury of the enemies first attack, and were most of them cut off, especially *Holsteins* Regiment, from thence they advanced to the Prince of *Oranges* Army, who made a brave resistance, yet at length were compelled to retreat to the Emperours Army who kept the Van Guard, the *Imperial* Infantry behaved themselves extraordinary well, and occasioned them to retreat to their Camp, whilst the first Party assaulted the Rear Guard, the Prince of *Conde* sent a second Party to assault upon the Prince of *Oranges* Carriages. The

The victorious and fortunate Success^{es} of the *French*, made it a Party which Guarded the Field-Pieces, think of flying; and in order thereto, nine Ensigns ran away with their Colours: but not a Souldier would follow them, Shame and Courage would not let them desert the Cannon, to whose assistance 5000 *Imperialists* came very opportunely, chasing the *French* to the very borders of their Camp in great disorder and confusion. But upon their return on wards, they were met by a fresh Party of 6000 *Charlifers*, who gave them a brisk charge, and had it is thought cut the *Imperialists* all to pieces, had not the Prince of *Orange* had 4000 Cavalry to their rescue by this.

By this time both Armies were engaged, and warm in their own blood; the Generals not fearing their persons, exposed themselves to the greatest dangers, to animate and encourage their Souldiers, among whom the Prince of *Orange*, who in the thickest of the Fight, did wonders that is remarkable for his valour, to the amazement of all his Souldiers, who being led by his Example, did notable execution upon their enemies; in short, it is believed that the Confederate Princes have got the better of the Prince of *Conde*, since they have kept the field, and forced the *French* to retreat disorderly, with great loss into their trenches.

But it is reported by others, in favour of the *French*, that we have lost more men than they, that they have taken a great many eminent Commanders of ours prisoners, and

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and some of our Cannon, how many I know not, that they have returned with a great deal of plunder and spoil, and executed that which was their grand design, (to wit,) the cutting off of our Rear-Guard. But on whose side so ever, the Battel went, yet we have here sung *Te Deum* for this happy Victory obtained over our enemies, who are, as is reported among the vulgar, beaten to all intents and purposes, never able to make head any more against us, though the more deserving and better sort believe otherwise.

We have no doubt received great losses, and greater losses are whispered about the City by some, that we are willing to believe, or hope, is true.

However, that much is affirmed as Truth from Credible hands, the Fight continued 12 hours or more, in which it is thought, there are 4600 of our common Souldiers killed in the place, and some 3000 more taken Prisoners, among whom we heard just now the Prince of *Salme*, the Duke of *Holstein*, Count *Merode*, and the Marquess *d'Assenar*, *Maistre de Camp* of the Spanish forces, who is since dead of his wounds and much lamented here among us, *Monseur de Cavior* Brigadier of the Horse, and *Barron de Buck* are killed, Count *Weldec*, Prince *Poe*, and Prince *Charles* of *Lorain* are certainly wounded, though not mortally, as was once reported very confidently of the Duke.

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The enemies loss is certainly much greater; for it is reported on all hands, that they have lost at least ten or eleven thousand men; others report many more, among whom the Duke of Enghien is kill'd, but others report he is only bruised in the face. Monsieur Rochefort is wounded with a Musket-shot. Monsieur Montal his thigh broke, Chevalier de Fonvilles, the Count de Lustan, and many other principal Officers are wounded: what more losses either they or we have sustained, I am not able to inform you, till we receive a more particular Narrative, which will give a better satisfaction to our longing desires; and this I expect to receive within three or four days at farthest, at which time you shall not fail to receive of me a perfect account.

What the dreadful effects of this lamentable war wherein the Christian world is engaged will produce, God only knows: we have been already in some measure sensible of its miserable effects in our decay of trade and traffick, and scarcity of provisions, which is very dear.

And should our Enemies Beleager our City, as I hope they never will, we should be in a very great straight for Food, of which we are only provided for four Months. I wish our Sins which *Jerusalem* suffered when she was besieged by the *Roman* Legions, neither do I desire to see the Siege of *Troy*, which lasted ten years and eight Months, acted over again 870000 Grecians, and by 670000 Trojans, were killed before that City was taken. Our City
would

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would prove something like Troy before it would yield,
to the great miseries imaginable before it would
surrender to the French, whom we hate like Devils, they
are Treacherous and Cruel.

I will not trouble you no more at this time. In haste I
Remain,

Yours,

Pedro de Jambye

Brussels August 16.

1674.

FINIS.

